

Triumphant Augustus.

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Congratulate Poem

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S
Safe Return.

Ibis redibis nunquam per Bella peribis. Virgil.
Merces meritorum tuorum erit
Amplissima Dignitas--- Solon.
οχι ολντα νεγιτες.

Written by CHARLES COLE.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year. 1695.

Triumphs of Augustus

By the Rev. John G. ...

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LONDON

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A
P O E M
ON HIS
MAJESTY'S
Safe Return.

*Like as the Glorious Lamp of Heav'n displays
From it's Celestial Orb's its beauteous Rays;
So light-wing'd Fame in Triumph loudly sings
The Glorious Conquests of Heroick Kings.*

ROUZE up, brave Hero's, let the World survey
The Tribute due to Majesty you'l pay:
Arise with Glory, and in Triumph meet
The Noblest Soul that ever reign'd as yet!
Ah, Happy Prince, Happy beyond compare;
But Oh, unhappy in the Toils of War!
What various Nights bereft of sweet Repose,
Call'd from thy Rest to quell thy treacherous Foes.
Short were thy Slumbers, shorter was thy Sleep:
Well might we sigh, well might we truly weep,
To think what Hazards Royal Blood should reap.
But Oh, thy Noble Soul, thy Better Part,
Still added Courage to thy Nobler Heart.

In midst of Danger th' Heavenly Powers did lead
 The inauspicious Fates to shield thy Head.
 For publick Safety, and the Nations Good,
 Too often plung'd in Streams of Reaking Blood.
 Can we do less, than truly him adore:
 He who in Steel has fought our Battles o're
 When in the Camp the Trump of Fame would raise
 Her voice to sing the Encomiums of thy Praise:
 When in the Field she'd still *Victoria* cry,
 Swifter than Winds your trembling Foes would fly.
 Before thy Tent Heaven's Guardian-Angel stood
 To keep the Harpies from thy Sacred Blood.
 Let Traitors use Strength, Art, and Policy,
 Let them take wings and soar to lofty Sky,
 Or hide themselves in Caverns of the Ground
 When they think least, then, then shall they be found.
 Now blest for ever be thy glorious Name,
 And crown'd with Trophies of *Eternal* Fame.
I sing Victoria, let Britannia sing
Eternal Praises to her Gracious King.

Rejoice *Albania*, wipe all Tears away,
 And like a Bride put on thy best Array.
 O stop the Sluces of your flowing Eyes,
 And turn in Joy this solemn Sacrifice.
 Cease now to weep, no longer seem to mourn,
 Congratulate thy Sov'raigns safe Return.
 Weep now no more, the Gods have heard thy Prayers,
 And Heav'n with pity has surveyd thy Tears.
 Celestial Fates do still propitious prove
 Now melt and live, Dy with *Eternal Love*.
 Pay homage now, now to thy Sovereign King.
 And with melodious Hearts his Triumphs sing.
 Return thy Thanks to all the Pow'rs of Heaven,
 That thus in Love, that thus in Joy hath given
 Now to our Sovereign Lord a safe Return.
 Now weep for Joy, but never weep to mourn.
 Blest be the Day, blest be the Time we see,
 The sweetest Joy of our Felicity.
 Blest be the Seas, blest be the Winds that drove
 The joyful Pinnacle to the Isle of Love.

I sing Victoria, let Britannia sing
Eternal Praises to her Gracious King.

Thrice

Thrice welcome, Sir, now to your Sacred Seat;
 Ah, happy State, sweet and secure Retreat;
 Ah, happy State, happy beyond compare;
 That's free from business and the Tolls of War:
 Now, all Divine, now sweetly take Repose,
 Here undisturb'd by all thy treacherous Foes,
 Here undisturb'd, here sweetly thou mayst rest;
 No pensive Thoughts shall seize your Noble Breast,
 Angels shall guard thee, Angels shall tend thy Throne,
 And Heav'n's Arch-Angel's sacred Hand shall crown
 Thy Head more sacred, with a heav'nly Bough,
 Sweeter in Whiteness than the new-faln Snow.

Pardon great Hero, that we thus profane
 Thy Lasting Praise in such a languid Strain.
 Pardon, that thus instead of virid Bays
 W' attempt to Crown thy Head with empty Praise,
 Or in slow Numbers dare we to blaspheme
 The loud Applause of thy heroick Name,
 Which always shines like *Cassiopeia's* Chair
 All-pleasing Love, Oh, all Divinely fair
 Bright as the Silver-wings of Turtles are

Sure none but some blest Seraphin above
 Compos'd with sweet, yea with harmonious Love
 Or Powers Divine, or Angel Laureat still
 From the unbounded Treasures of a Quill,
 Such charming Nectar-Verse and melting Layes
 As can with equal, equal Measures raise
 The glorious Hallelujahs of thy Praise

*I sing Victoria let Britannia sing
 Eternal Praises to her Gracious King.*

Seem not content, my Muse, as yet distill
 Thy meaner Genius to thy meanest Quill.
 Inspire me still, on thee alone implore
 Still aiming Greater, Greater: thou once more,
 O let me crave Assistance, that I may
 Write freshly on, with Pleasure eke display
 A Debt most due; a Debt of Courtesie
 Enrol'd in every heart to glorifie
 The truly valiant and heroick Name
 Of Noble *William*; O eternal Fame,

Sound

Sound, found the Echo's of his heavenly Praise,
 Whose harmony our Souls to Joy may raise,
 Thus let us shine, in Triumph let us live,
 Tuning our Souls to Heavens Prerogative.

*I sing Victoria, let Britannia sing
 Eternal Praises to her Gracious King.*

• Come then, brave Royalists, your Souls now raise,
 And sing the Encomiums of his worthy Praise.
 Like Angels then in joyful triumph sing
 The Glorious Deeds of such a Glorious King, }
 And Heaven it self with Harmony shall ring.
 Angels with Men, Men shall with Angels join,
 And each with Glory shall in Splendor shine :
 Angels shall fall, fall from their Spheres above,
 Embrace each other with immutual Love.

Thus Heaven it self shall praise our Gracious Prince
 Thus all shall 'pear sweeter than Innocence.

Now let us melt in Joy, no more we mourn, }
 Let Heaven be prais'd, now for his safe Return,
 And fragrant Incense shall on th' Altars burn }
 Thus all Divine, in order shall be drawn
 Heav'n's bright spangled Curtains to adorn
 The gloomy Darknes of th' approaching Night }
 Till blazing Flames of Joy shall shine more bright
 Than *Phebus* in's Meridian rays of Light. }

*I sing Victoria, let Britannia sing
 Eternal Praises to her Gracious King.*

Come all ye Past'als of the Flow'ry Plain }
 In pensive thoughts in silent cares have lain,
 Revive in Joy, revive in Love again. }
 From Sighs of Mourning let your Souls be freed }
 Warble his Praises with your slender Reed, }
 On th' neighbouring Hills the harmless Flocks shall feed, }
 On Natures kindness by the Chrystal Rills }
 Of murm'ring Streams, amidst the pleasant Vales,
 Here undisturb'd by noise, no thoughts of Fear,
 Seraphick Sounds shall charm th' attentive Ear,
 Chorists through every Grove shall, echoing sing,
 The woods and Vallies of your Praise shall ring,
 Chorists shall charm us in each sacred Grove }
 All our soft Fancies still shall touch on Love }
 And whistling Winds shall harsher Musick move.

Thus

Thus all in Concord all in harmony,
In love shall live, in Solid joy shall Dy
And sing thy Triumph's to Eternity.

*I sing Victoria ler Britannia Sing
Eternal Praises to her Gracious King.*

Dread Sovereign Lord, m' allegiance dares no more
But all Obedience must thy Name adore
Least m' ambitious Soul in flame shou'd Raise
In Writing still shou'd seem t' Eclips't that praise
Which like the heavenly Lamp Eclips't shoud be
Twou'd muse the World in Dark Obscuritie
M' ambitious Soul prest with ambition knows
No sacred limit's. In my Breast their glows
A Solid love, but still more Solid fire
Which Devil's Hell, and ages, can't Expire
But still Ambitious, still bursts into flame
Once more attempt's to speak thy gracious name

*Mount, mount my Soul, on brave Ambitions wing
Sing hallelujas to thy Gracious King
Once more thy Saviours glorious Conquest sing.*

Ah poor *Albania* still posselt with fears
In sacred Silence sitt's desolv'd in tears,
With looser Garments, and Dislevel'd hair
In pensive thought, Dy's with Distracted care.
Thy panting breast's heave up and Down with fear,
And thus in Silence all's neglected here.
Thus all Despair, thus thou bemoans't thy fate
Mourns like the Turtle for itt's absent mate.
O turn thy heart, Dry up those weeping Eyes,
Where Sighs add tears and tears a Sacrifice
Blast all these thoughts, no more in Silence mourn
Let pleasing joy your Beautifous face adorn.
Fly, fly with love in Eager Triumph Run
Swifter than Winds to greet the morning Sun.
See how the heaven's all in glory are
The Azur'd skie is too Divinely fair
Heaven seem's the Empire of the East to Say
And all Depend on this important Day,
See all in glory, and in Splendor Rise.
In sacred love t' Embrace their heavenly prize.

The fading Plants in th' frigid Earth where dead
 By's Radiant Beams Revive their Drooping head
 The Sheppard's Leave their Lonely hut's. Repare
 To th' Neighbouring hills; and Innocent prepare
 To blefs the Splended beam's of's glorious Ray
 And with their pipes proclaim the sacred Day

*Sing Victoria let Britannia sing
 Eternal praises to her Gracious King.*

Thus all our Souls in Solid joy agree
 Most Sacred Sir. we all Depend on thee
 Thus were we tost. thus by the winds were Drove
 To Various Islands far unknown to Love.
 Till heaven at Last Did more propitious prove
 And sent the Blazing, oh thou Sun of Love.

Fall Down, adore him, speake our best Esteem
 Ah too thy praise, alas, can nothing seem,
 Dull Sluggish man, thy thoughts can never Raise
 Th' Ambitious Soul to sing his Glorious praise.
 A task so great tis Angels only know

The Gods shall speak it, and our Ears shall glow
 Glow, glow with fervour when we hear thy Name
 And trembling stand to hear thy glorious Fame

O Angels, O Arch Angels, Cherubims,
 O All ye Gods. O all ye Seraphims,
 Ye Sacred Host, sing your Celestial Hym's

Fall from your thrones, bring down your heavenly sweets.
 In sacred Love, Anoint his sacred Feet,
 Crown him with Diadem's of heavenly Love.
 O sing his Praises all ye Power's above,
 And we'll conjoyn with an Immutual Love.

Live, live for ever, Heroick's thy Renown,
 Thy Sacred head, God shall immortal Crown.

F I N I S.

